

## Daily Kentuckian

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Muriel Mellday says she will quit professional dancing "while my brother is in the trenches."

Capt. C. B. Crutfield is the eleventh captain to be appointed from two streets in the south side of Hopkinsville.

Baron von Hussarek, former minister of education, has been appointed to the Austrian premiership, in succession to Dr. von Seydler, whose cabinet resigned recently.

In honor of the birth of their son, Mr. and Mrs. Harry H. H. Cook, presented \$10 to each of the 160 employees of the Alexandria Paper Mill company, Alexandria, Ind. The gifts were made in the baby's name.

The impression that the Franco-American counter offensive has made on the Germans at home is perhaps best illustrated by an article written by Deputy Traub of the Prussian lower house in the Pan-German newspaper, the Tagliche Rundschau. He freely lashes the "croakers" who dare doubt the official reports. He makes an appeal for more "nerve" and more "faith" and blusters thus: "If 'Der Alte Fritz' (Frederick the Great) walked the streets today and saw the people's long faces he would say remember the seven years war when fortune was often dead against us. Why grumble because affairs on the Marne are not going as well as expected? Devil take you! You ought to be ashamed of yourselves."

An American in a mess outfit shot down a German aviator during the Franco-American offensive south of Soissons, hitting the enemy in the head with a rifle bullet. Commissary wagons were en route to a site back of the lines when the German swooped down and attacked the wagon train with a machine gun, flying low to make his aim certain. The panic stricken mules caused confusion and the drivers and soldiers had their hands full to control the animals. The young soldier leaped from a wagon as the enemy flier came near and shot him. The machine fell nearby. A German lieutenant and eighteen men who were captured by the Americans were questioned concerning the remainder of the battalion. The officer replied: "These eighteen are all that are alive." The lieutenant said the speed of the Americans was the surprise of his army. He said the Americans even outlasted the Germans when the latter were attacking the Russians, and added he was glad to be a prisoner.

## The Anticlimax of a Bad Man

By BURKE JENKINS

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"Stranger, your name, sah?" "Caldwell," I answered; nephew to Colonel Caldwell.

"What!" exclaimed the spokesman of the crowd. "Honored to make your esteemed acquaintance, sah. You will pardon my apparent brusqueness, but we must know our friends in these here parts. We're electing a sheriff, you see, and according, we can't be too careful."

I nodded my appreciation of the force of such caution, and without more ado mingled freely with the assembled mountaineers.

One after another, candidates were named only to be met with such comment as:

"He's too narrow-chested." "Ain't got but one eye, and can't shoot straight with that!" "Got too many children to leave," etc., etc.

Finally a raw-boned hunk of angularity unwrapped himself from a naff-kag, and I beheld before me one who was destined to become a staunch friend, "Dog" Hankly.

"Feller citizens," drawled Dog, "I reckon as how you fellers'll come to the right conclusion finally. Now, I know it ain't jist the regular thing for a man to nominate himself, but you see, seemin' as how I know myself pretty tolerable well, why, I jist name you Dog Hankly fer sheriff of this here county."

The hilarity that met this outburst was general and instantaneous.

"Why, Dog, you'd shy at yer own shadow," cried one.

"How 'bout the Widder Perkins' rollin' pin that time you popped the question? Why, that same female had you paralyzed, Hank."

This came from a five-footer of bristly mustache.

"Dog, old feller," broke in another patronizingly, "you're plumb all right at trainin' dogs, givin' the devil his

due, but shore, now, you know right well enough you don't possess the sand to make the mortar for a sheriff of this locality. 'Tain't a tea-party, five-o'clock neighborhood."

"Friends," and Dog drew himself up almost to straightness. "I'm none good at the specifying. If I wuz I'd go on ter show you how it ain't no sign a feller ain't got grit even if he is afraid of his shadow, or, worse yet, shemale critters. But it strikes me that wunst I will twelve times in my copy-book this here line: 'Actions speak louder than words.' This same bein' some true, I'm here ter say that, as the main object of this here election is ter get a man who can hold his own against Kinston and his gang, I'm ready ter do that same."

"Aw, come, now, Dog, we've wasted time enough," broke in some one. "One squint at Kinston's hip-pocket'd give you fever 'n' ager fer a week."

"I mean jist what I say!" emphasized Dog, bristling somewhat. "And to show I do, why, I—I'll take Kinston himself when he stalks around town tomorrow, if you'll give me the warrant."

The joke of all this was too much for the crowd; so, with loud exclamations and much guffawing, they invested Dog Hankly with the necessary power, and awaited impatiently the coming proof.

Even I delayed my visit to a mine to witness the outcome of this boast of Hankly's as to his handling Kinston, the desperado, whose notoriety had reached far beyond the bounds of this little county. For nonchalance in cold-blooded murder, Kinston had branded himself king.

By ten o'clock we were all on hand, grouped about the store, before which ran a long porch without rail.

Neither Kinston nor Hankly had been up for some time, and every-

thing was feverish conjecture and expectancy.

Finally a dust-cloud down the pike spoke of another arrival. From the cloud emerged Kinston of the stately orb.

With his characteristic precision, he eyed every man before dismounting; then he threw his bridle-lines over his pony's head, reached easily to his hip, slung forward his holster, and came, with an easy stride, among us.

He was granted his usual little "circular space of safety," as he called it, and finally, planting his back against the side of the house, he lounged into easy attitude and bit off a chew.

Not a sign of Dog Hankly yet!

"Bet he won't show up at all!" grunted the five-footer disgustedly, in an aside.

"Take yer!" answered another, "fer dog my cats if there he ain't."

From his low shanty across the road emerged Dog in all the casualness of a small errand. He was picking his teeth with a fish-bone.

Halfway across the road he threw away the bone, straightened a little, and made an unswerving line for Kinston, on the porch.

Breathless is no word for the state of our suspense.

At first Kinston eyed him casually, as was his wont. Then, Hankly's direction defecting by not a hair, he took on a quickened interest and toyed casually with the pistol-grip.

Dog strode on forward with no waver.

Up jumped Kinston.

"Far enough, you!" he cried. "Whirl your circle, or I'll let it daylight."

He brandished that pet of his, On came Dog.

"Br-r-r!" growled the pistol.

On came Dog.

"Whang!" slipped the next shot.

On came Dog.

Six times that iron coughed, with no averting on Dog's part.

Then a wild fear crept into Kinston's face. He threw the discharged weapon at Hankly's head; Hankly ducked, and past him sped Kinston in a pretty dodge.

He gained his horse, mounted and clattered out of town.

We were all too paralyzed to speak. Even Dog Hankly did not see fit to break the silence. Instead, he strolled on back to his cabin.

We saw him pass on out to his shed, and fifteen minutes later he once more hit the road. This time he was mounted, and by a long rope leash he led the last bound which he had been training for my uncle, Colonel Caldwell.

The next afternoon, at about three o'clock, a small boy brought startling intelligence.

Two men, a horse, and a dog were coming up the road.

We filed out to witness events. Dog Hankly sat astride his cayuse; from the saddle-pommel stretched a rope, and at the other end strode Kinston, the mighty fallen, securely bound.

Well, did they make that lank Dog Hankly sheriff? Did they apologize in a superabundance of profuseness? I should smile.

And Dog and I grew old together, for business and health kept me long in that region.

Men came from miles around to see and meet the man who had stood the fire and made the capture of Kinston, the outlaw.

Late one autumn afternoon, as Dog and I sat chatting on his back porch, the topic turned to that "opportunity" which is supposed to knock once at every man's door.

"Somethin' in it?" grunted Dog musingly. "If yer couple it with luck and ingenuity."

"I don't exactly catch your drift," I answered.

He looked sharply around to see if any one was by, and then, leaning over, said:

"I'll jist bust if I don't tell some one how I got this here reputation of mine."

"Your reputation about that Kinston affair—about your being the bravest man in the Old North state?"

"Exactly!" he answered.

"Well, I sure won't tell," I pledged.

"Yer see," said Dog, "when Kinston sprang by me and got away I got plumb disgusted, and made up my mind to take that bound I'd been training over to your uncle to change my sights."

"Now, I got along by the spring down there at Doc's Crossing, and thought I'd take a drink. According, I approached the bushes around the water, and what should I hear but a voice come out of that shrubbery."

"Don't shoot, Hankly," it said; "I'll come peaceable." Then, sir, out crawled Kinston, scratched with betons and clean out of heart. I played the card which had fallen right in my hand—bound him up some secure, and brought him along. Yer see, I'd kind of 'got his goat' by walking up to that there bloody gun of his."

"That's jist it," said I. "Surely, facing that fire was brave!"

"Well, not exactly as might be supposed," exclaimed Dog. "Yer see, the day of the election I had seen Kinston buy two quart of booze. So, that night, the night before the gunplay, I slips off to his cabin in the woods, rolls him over in his dead drunk, and takes the bullets out of that old muzzle-loading revolver of his."

"Phew!" sighed Dog, in relief. "I'm glad to get that out of my system after all these years!"

The Point of It.

"Smith was extraordinarily attentive to the lady he took to dinner."

"That was his wife."

"I still maintain his attention was extraordinary."

## CHAMPION JONAH MAN OF AMERICA IS CLAIM

Los Angeles.—R.D. Jacobs of Los Angeles says he is the champion Jonah man of America. Here's why:

While instructing his wife in the use of a revolver (Mrs. Jacobs accidentally shot her husband in the chest). While Jacobs was receiving treatment, burglars entered the home and stripped the place.

"The damned old thieves," waited Jacobs, "took everything of value except the revolver which caused all the trouble. Can you beat it?"

## NEEDS WALNUT WOOD

Government Makes Appeal to Owners of Trees.

Best Material for the Manufacture of Gunstocks and Airplane Propellers.

Washington.—American walnut has proven, under a four-year test in this war, to be the best wood for the manufacture of gunstocks and airplane propellers and gun barrels.

Our government will need all of this wood during the war, and the continuance of the conflict. It cannot buy either gunstocks or propellers, as part of the lumber produced by the log is not suitable for these purposes. However, it urgently petitions all owners of trees or logs to sell them to one or more of the sawmills which hold government contracts for gunstocks or propellers.

Don't let them remain idle. Don't let them rot. Don't let them be used for anything else. Owing to their inability to purchase sufficient logs the sawmills have not yet been able to supply the present requirements of the government and its allies, and as our participation in the actual hostilities is increasing rapidly our requirements in this wood are monthly growing heavier. Every tree counts. Half a dozen will provide lumber to build a propeller and put a gun stock into the hand of each man in the platoon. The lack of one machine in the air or one platoon in the fight might turn the tide in a battle. Picture your own son or the son of your neighbor holding on and fighting against desperate odds until the company or regiment your trees have armed can come to his relief. Make this relief possible. Turn your trees loose. Wake up and get into the fight. In this wood will be fighting for and with him as truly as if you stood beside him in battle. And you have no right to do anything else. Act quickly.

If you have walnut trees write today to Capt. R. L. Oakley, production division, small arms section, ordnance department, Sixth and B streets, Washington, D. C. He will put you in touch with several sawmills holding government contracts, any one of which will buy your trees and pay you a fair price for them.

## LADY STEVEDORES ON JOB

Three of Them Are Fired for Cussing—Others Are Giving Valuable Service.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Sixteen women in overalls are wrestling daily with 152-pound bags of coffee and hundred-weights of sugar, working side by side with muscular men long used to this hard job. They are the new lady stevedores hired by the New York Dock company.

There would be 19 of these female dock wallflowers were it not for the fact that three of the number engaged were fired on account of their cussing.

Among the present 16 are an author, a former vaudeville star, several widows, and two negro women. Their hours are 7 a. m. to 5 p. m. five days a week. They are getting 32½ cents an hour, the rate paid to men.

H. B. Whipple, general manager, predicts a bright future for all women similarly engaged, though he really had no notion the scheme would work as well as it has.

## CAPTURES COUSIN IN RAID

American Soldier Grabs Relative in Attack on the Hun Trenches.

Hackensack, N. J.—Details of how two cousins, one a corporal in the American army and the other a soldier of the Kaiser, met in France after a raid were told here recently.

The American is Corporal William Munn, Jr., of Hackensack, a member of the One Hundred and Sixty-fifth infantry, the old "Fighting Sixty-ninth." The German boy is Gustave Winkelmann of Bremen, a prisoner in an American camp. Letters from Corporal Munn say he was in a raid against the German trenches recently and came back with a batch of prisoners. The captives were being identified when Winkelmann mentioned that he had relatives in the United States. Munn asked their names and found that the boy was his cousin.

## Ban on Baseball Pools.

Albany, N. Y.—The operation of baseball pools, prevalent throughout the country, has been held to be book-making by the appellate division of the supreme court, third department of New York state.

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FOR SALE—Horse, surrey and phaeton. Dr. Austin Bell. 41

Furnished rooms for light house-keeping. Modern conveniences. Close in. Call 367-ring 2. 74-17.

For wall paper from 5c to 30c per roll, see Mrs. Emma Catlett and son, 311 Walnut street, Phone 790. 681f

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FOR RENT—Cottage, four rooms and bath. Completely modern. Call 171. 120-21

FOR SALE—Several Ford cars, in good condition, at a bargain. Phone 100. CHRISTIAN-TODD SERVICE COMPANY. 119-31

Good Morning. Have You Seen The Courier? Evansville's Best paper.

Smithson Water delivered Tuesdays and Saturdays. Phone 633-1. advertisement.

FOR SALE.

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We have just listed for sale several farms at prices and on terms that we consider extra good. If you are in the market for land it will pay you to see us. We also have some very desirable city property for sale.

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## RAILROAD

TIME TABLES

LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE R. R.

SOUTH.

No. 53. . . . . 5:44 a. m.

No. 55 Accommodation. 6:45 a. m.

No. 95. . . . . 9:20 a. m.

No. 51. . . . . 5:42 p. m.

No. 93. . . . . 12:46 a. m.

NORTH.

No. 92. . . . . 5:17 a. m.

No. 52. . . . . 10:00 a. m.

No. 94. . . . . 7:55 p. m.

No. 56 Accommodation. 9:00 p. m.

No. 54. . . . . 10:19 p. m.

W. N. CHANDLER, Ticket Agent.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.

NORTH BOUND.

332 leaves at 5:35 a. m. for Princeton, Paducah, Cairo and Evansville.

302 leaves at 11 a. m. for Princeton, connects for East and West at

324 leaves at 8:05 for Princeton.

SOUTH BOUND.

321 arrives from Princeton at 7:10 a. m.

301 arrives from East and West at 6:45 p. m.

TENNESSEE CENTRAL R. R.

EAST BOUND.

12 leaves for Nashville at 7:15 a. m.

14 leaves for Nashville at 4:15 p. m.

WEST BOUND.

11 arrives from Nashville at 10:55 a. m.

13 arrives from Nashville 5:00 p. m.

C. L. WADLINGTON, Agent.

## KENNER'S

CASH AND CARRY GROCERY

BEST FOR BOTH

Evaporated Peaches	12 1/2c
10 lbs. Karo Syrup	80c
5 lbs. Karo Syrup	40c
10 lbs. Our Seal Syrup	80c
5 lbs. Our Seal Syrup	40c
10 lbs. Silver Spray Syrup (white)	95c
5 lbs. Ki-o-wa Syrup (maple flavor)	45c
5 lbs. Sugar House Molasses	60c
Full Cream Cheese, pound	35c
Sweet Spanish Pimientos	15c
Walker's Red Hot Chili Con Carne	15c
Walker's Red Hot Tamales	15c
Delited Creole Sauce	13c
McIlhenny Tabasco Sauce	45c
Jello (all flavors)	15c
Knox Sparkling Gelatine	15c
Waneta Cocoa, 1 pound	35c
Reception (steel cut) Coffee	35c
R. M. C. Steel Cut Coffee	30c
Santos Peaberry (ground or grain)	25c
Post Toasties	14c
Grape Nuts	14c
Puffed Wheat	14c
Puffed Rice	14c
Sterilized Bran	15c
Durkee's Salad Dressing	35c
1 lb. Sun Maid Raisins	14c
Monarch Olive Salad	25c
Tuna Fish	12c to 23c
Pure Lard	32c
Sliced Breakfast Bacon	45c